

Feeling

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Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , George NotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Sapnap is also briefly mentioned, This is just testing the waters for a longer fic , So feedback is definitely appreciated!! , Angst , Loneliness , References to Depression , Self-Harm , Blood , You've read the tags - don't click if you don't want to read it , Also George deserves a hug and I'm sorry for writing this , Okay this is now a longer fic And sapnap is a bigger character now, Self-Esteem Issues , Pining , Mutual Pining , Coming Out , Late Night Calls , Dream goes to England , Reference to Physical Assault , Panic Attacks , First Kiss , Angst with a Happy Ending , Therapy , Sightseeing , hand holding , Mask and Goggles
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Feeling

by [amooniesong \(orphan account\)](#)

Summary

Dream: George?

Dream: What're you doing up so late? Isn't it like... 3am for you?

Dream: Did you just turn your status to invisible? C'mon Georgie, if you're awake don't you want to chat? Don't you love me? :'(

George is hiding something from his friends. Are they his friends? Would they care if they knew? Would anyone? Struggling with his mental health oceans away from those that can support him best is nothing less than awful, and as his mind turns more and more against him he needs them more than ever.

TW: Explicit self harm

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Dream: George?

Dream: What're you doing up so late? Isn't it like... 3am for you?

Dream: Did you just turn your status to invisible? C'mon Georgie, if you're awake don't you want to chat? Don't you love me? :'(

George reached forwards hesitantly, fingers hovering over his keyboard as he contemplated typing out a reply. Why had he hidden himself if he was just going to respond? Hadn't he *wanted* Dream to leave him alone, or did he just want to hear Dream beg for him to stay? Was that what it was? He'd become clingy, desperate for any kind of attention he could garner, even if that wasn't achieved in the healthiest or honest of ways. Surely he could just *tell* Dream he needed company, he didn't have to trick him into caring.

He could see his own hands shaking in front of him, from exhaustion and the emotions that threatened to overwhelm him, and he typed and backspaced several messages before giving up entirely, sighing and sitting back in his chair.

The silver metal was sitting on his desk, glinting in the light of his monitor. He swallowed, closing his eyes and trying to shake away the images leaping into his mind of everything he could do with it: the *relief* it held.

Dream: George? Is everything alright?

George looked at Dream's message, pushing away the guilt that filled his stomach. His friend could tell something wasn't quite right, and George couldn't help but feel selfish. Dream was younger than him, he didn't need to offload his fears onto someone younger, someone perhaps less capable of dealing with them (not that he could ever think of Dream as less capable than him). They were an ocean apart, there was nothing Dream could do. Telling him would only worry his friend for no real reason.

He closed discord, took in a deep breath, and reached for the blade.

He felt horribly alone in that moment, the cool metal between his fingers in his bedroom. It was quiet, cold, and he *was* alone. George tried to put off the inevitable, he ran the calluses of his fingers carefully across the sharpened edge of the blade and considered just how much damage could be done with such a tiny instrument. Images flashed intrusively into his mind again, and this time he let them. It passed the time, gave him more to use as an excuse for not pressing the metal

against himself - he was busy *thinking* .

His phone buzzed, Dream was calling. He let it buzz for a moment longer, before sliding a finger across the screen to decline the call. No sooner than his phone had returned to black, it came to life once more with Dream trying again to call him. He rejected it a second time, turning it face down and ignoring the ping of a message coming through.

Dream didn't need to know about this, what would he do if he did? George didn't want to imagine those possibilities, the things that could happen if Dream (or *any* of their friends) knew what was going on, that once the webcams were switched off the smile faded away and he was left alone with his thoughts.

He heard his phone ping again and turned it over out of curiosity, seeing Sapnap's discord handle appearing against the new message. He tossed his phone aside lazily, his mind still in a dreamlike state as he observed the blade with a strange kind of calm.

Huh , he chuckled, bringing the sharpest edge to his forearm and digging in, *Dream-like* . He dragged it across swiftly, piercing the skin and watching little pricks of blood leak out. The action wasn't as bad as the anticipation had been, and it made it easier to repeat again and again. After several minutes, he let his arm dangle by his side and watched as the blood ran down - cool against his skin - gathering in the palm of his hand. When enough blood had pooled it began to drip onto the floor. He lived alone, he could clean up after himself in the morning. For now he just wanted to sit back and focus on the relief he was feeling. He closed his eyes and let his breathing slow, calming himself and letting a smile grow: soft, but genuine.

For the first time in goodness only knew how long he could *feel* something, and he had to admit he liked it.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George woke up in the early afternoon, his mind clouded of the events of the night before. At some point he'd gotten up and made his way into his bed, duvet tangled around his limbs as he'd slept restlessly. He didn't open his eyes at first, instead snuggling further into the warmth of his bed and kicking his legs around to try and get the blanket to straighten out of him. Satisfied with his efforts he reached out with an arm, grabbing at the air beside him until he found his bedside table and managed to pull his phone off. He opened his eyes slowly, seeing the number of missed calls from Dream and messages from him and Sapnap filling his lockscreen, groaning as he typed in his passcode and began to scroll through.

Dream had sent him no less than 17 messages, and he'd missed 5 calls, and as he remembered what he'd done the night before he found himself pulling the blanket over his head and spending a moment in darkness, before composing himself enough to type out a reply.

Georgenotfound: Shit, didn't mean to worry you, I must've been falling asleep on my desk.

It might've been early morning for his friend, but he immediately saw Dream's status turn green and, after a moment, three little dots bubble next to his name as he started to type a response. George couldn't deny the way his heart warmed at that - his friend caring so much that he'd respond even now.

Still, he couldn't help but realise he'd lied to Dream. The voice in the back of his mind reminding him of his insecurities, that Dream didn't need to know about this side of him - none of his friends did. How much longer would they even *want* to be his friends if they knew? The buzz of his phone pulled him out of his thoughts before they got any worse, and he glanced at Dream's message.

Dream: Well I'm pretty sure I convinced Sapnap you were dead in your bedroom and that's why you stopped typing, call us later and prove us wrong?

Georgenotfound: Proving you wrong? Who says I'm not dead, maybe I'm a ghost!

Dream: I don't know if I could be in love with a ghost :(

George let himself forget for a moment that he was just bantering, and pretended that the words

were sincere - somehow the thought of Dream returning his feelings pulled him out of his own mind and he couldn't help but smile into his sheets.

Georgenotfound: Good thing I'm not a ghost then. Sure, we can call later.

Dream: :D

With that, the other man's status returned to invisible and George assumed he'd gone back to sleep. He placed the phone back on the bedside table and heaved himself into a sitting position, the weight firmly back in his stomach as he took in what he'd done the night before. His arm stung painfully as it caught on the sheets, the dried blood irritating him. He moved to poke at it and winced, frowning as he tried to peel at one of the scabs. All he did was cause himself more pain and cause the wound to reopen. Ignoring the blood as it pooled on his arm he stood up and cleared away his desk from the night before. The blood there was easy enough to wipe away with just a little bit of elbow grease, and as he wandered through his flat he flipped the switch for his shower to turn the hot water on, throwing the stained wipes out and pacing back to his bedroom. He grabbed some clean clothes, stepped out of his pajamas, and jumped quickly into the shower.

He cupped his hands together, letting them fill with water before throwing it over his face and rubbing his eyes to wake himself up a little more, washing his hair before looking again at his arm. Some of the blood had already flaked away with the water washing over him, but the more stubborn scabs remained. Knowing that he was going to be on a call with Dream and Sapnap later, and not wanting to risk any kind of discovery of what he'd done, he decided to rinse the rest away. Besides, weren't you supposed to clean wounds to make sure they didn't get infected? Grabbing a bar of soap he took in a breath, before pressing it to his skin and rubbing it against himself quickly. The sting was immediate and he bit down on his tongue to avoid making any kind of noise, breath hitching in his throat as he watched as the remainder of the scabs on his arm began to wash away. A few spots reopened and began to bleed again, but not as severely as the night before, and after a few minutes George was content with his handiwork. With a hoodie on he was certain he could hide any trace of what he'd done, and he'd be able to convince his friends everything was fine.

Was that what he wanted? For them to think he was fine? Did he want that heavy feeling in his stomach when he thought his friends didn't care? Or was it just for the best? *He* didn't matter, surely they shouldn't be burdened with his problems if that was the case?

As he stepped out of the shower he got dressed, skipped on brushing his teeth, and found himself back at his desk, ignoring the hunger in his stomach to focus instead on editing a video of himself and Dream - one of their latest Manhunt videos. Because of some God awful glitch, the Ender Dragon hadn't spawned and, while dealing with the shock, Dream had jumped through the portal and killed him. The file was huge, and editing it at least helped him to take his mind off the previous night and the conversation he was going to have with Dream and Sapnap later. Convincing them he was okay through text was one thing - it was easy to mimic traits and

behaviours behind a screen - but if they could see his face it would be an entirely different story.

The time past quickly. Before long the afternoon turned to evening, and George was rendering the video. 37 minutes, one of their longer runs, but Dream had made several good plays that he just couldn't keep out of the video. It was no problem, their fans always seemed to enjoy their longer videos. As he minimised the tab he found himself staring at discord.

Both Sapnap and Dream were online. It wasn't unusual for them to call around this time, and George had already promised he'd speak to them. Surely that meant he was supposed to initiate the conversation?

Or was he supposed to stay silent, let them forget about him, because surely he was nothing to them? If they couldn't be bothered to message him...

He found his mind spiralling and caught sight of the metal instrument from the night before still on his desk. He *knew* he couldn't repeat what he'd done, that it had simply been one desperate act - but it had helped. The idea of getting rid of it felt... Wrong. And if he wasn't *going* to use it again, surely he didn't have to get rid of it?

Sapnap: Hey buddy, you still alive over there? Dream and I are chatting, you should hop in!

Thankful that his friends had pulled him away from his thoughts before they worsened he began to type, as if he were on autopilot. This was so much easier.

Georgenotfound: Of course! Call me whenever?

It was only a moment later that the ringtone chimed. He saw that it was a request for a video call and for a moment he continued to operate without thinking, pressing the button to accept as he leaned back in his chair and stretched his arms above his head. Dream's avatar, and the familiar face of Sapnap filled the screen, and both men greeted him cheerfully. For a moment he forgot about everything, offering the two a wave, before he caught sight of his camera.

He'd been editing alone all afternoon in his apartment in summer, he'd had no reason to put a hoodie on like he'd planned. His arms - and worse, the bright red lines *on* his arms - were clearly visible. He tried to hide them off screen as quickly as possible, before turning his camera off and coming up with a slick excuse.

"Hang on, gonna grab a drink if we're gonna be chatting. I'll be back in a second."

He quickly stood up, removing his headphones and looking away from the screen - he didn't want to risk looking in case Sapnap's face showed any kind of concern, in case he'd seen. He found the nearest hoodie to him and pulled it over his head swiftly, pulling the sleeves over his hands to make extra sure there was no chance of him being caught.

To make sure his lie was believable he quickly went to his kitchen, filling up a bottle with squash and water, and grabbed a packet of chocolate covered raisins. His stomach was complaining that he hadn't eaten anything that day, especially given how much he usually snacked. Having something to eat would give him an excuse to talk less, too.

He returned to his desk quickly, settling into his chair and plopping the headphones over his ears as he went about opening the packet. Placing the first raisin in his mouth he reached forward and clicked his camera back on. If Sapnap or Dream had noticed anything earlier, neither of them said anything to him. On the one hand he was relieved, but part of him hurt. He had hurt himself, deliberately, because he had felt too sad and broken to cope any other way and hadn't been able to talk to them. And they'd seen, surely they'd seen, and they didn't bring it up. Did that mean they didn't care if he was hurting?

"I've got our Manhunt rendering." George said, easing back into conversation. Talking about their recordings was normal, he could do this - he could be normal. "I still can't believe the Dragon didn't spawn. I'd have won if it did!"

"Uh-huh." Dream said, the smile on his face obvious even if it wasn't visible. "Keep telling yourself that."

"I think Dream sabotaged the seed." Sapnap said, laughing to himself. "Time for another Dream is over party?"

The three of them laughed together, and George found himself overthinking everything he did. Had he laughed correctly? Was his smile wide enough? Did he sound any different? The conversation continued between Dream and Sapnap and he placed another raisin in his mouth, eating them slowly by his standards, as he faded from the conversation and back to his thoughts.

This was going to be one hell of a lot harder to keep up than he thought.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for all the positive feedback from the last chapter, I've spent about 7 hours today on trains and in car dealerships so I wrote several more... Oops...! Guess we're in for the long haul now! As always, any feedback is appreciated. I promise, our George will feel better, but it's a long road ahead of him. Sap and Dream will feature more in the next chapter!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream and Sapnap waited until they were certain that George had left to fetch himself something to drink before they spoke - typing to each other to be sure they weren't caught out (but not wanting their keyboards to be suspicious if he could still hear them).

Dream: Did you see that?

Sapnap: I'm not blind, Dream.

Dream: Ok, not just me then?

Usually Dream would have been annoyed at Sapnap's words, but he could tell there was no ill intent behind them. George had... He'd clearly hurt himself, or someone had hurt him (though it didn't look like that, and even if it was the point of the matter was still the same - George was hurting and trying to hide it from them).

Sapnap: Should we say something?

Dream: What if he gets angry? If he's trying to hide it from us, maybe he doesn't want us to know. If we bring it up now he could be furious at himself. We don't know what's wrong, how he feels, we need to tread carefully so we don't make him any worse.

At that point Sapnap would usually make a comment about Dream's crush on George showing, but he couldn't find it in himself to make any kind of joke right now. Dream was right, George was upset and needed their help, but whatever was wrong needed to be done at his pace.

Sapnap: We'll be there for him when he needs us, whenever he needs us. Maybe we should just try and make him laugh today? Remind him we're here without letting him know we saw?

Dream: Yeah, that's probably for the best.

George's return was signalled by the rustling of a packet and the squeak of his chair, and both men stopped typing.

The conversation flowed briefly, but Dream and Sapnap both realised when George seemed to just sit back and listen. That wouldn't do, they wanted to involve him and subtly remind him that they were there for him, so kept making a point to say his name and draw him out of his thoughts. It was like he had forgotten his webcam was on, his heart was in his eyes and they seemed to flit between vacant and glassy, like he was both overwhelmed and numb all at once.

As Sapnap tried to pull George back into the conversation for the third time, Dream quietly typed out a message to him.

Dream: I think this is why he wasn't answering me last night. I feel selfish even thinking this but... Why wouldn't he talk to me?

It was a few minutes before a reply came through, the oldest man now thoroughly engaged in their conversation again.

Sapnap: Don't feel selfish. I know how you feel about him, of course it's going to hurt to think he doesn't trust you. I think he's just struggling with himself at the moment. We have to trust that he'll talk to us.

Dream: But what if he doesn't? What if he thinks we don't care? I don't want him to feel alone, not ever, but definitely not now.

Dream typed out his reply immediately, feeling the worry for his friend grow. Of course he trusted George, and George was a grown man capable of looking after himself, but he couldn't help but shake the feeling that he should do something. Anything. Right now he didn't care if that meant a simple mention that he was always there to talk, or if he should confess his feelings and fly out to England just so he felt like he had someone there for him. He swallowed, shaking his head, glad his friends couldn't see him working himself up. Now was about George, not him.

Sapnap: I know, but we need to make sure he's not going to just go AWOL if we mention it. I want to say something too, but we need to think it through.

Dream read Sapnap's message and, disregarding it almost as soon as he'd laid eyes on it, he spoke up.

"I was thinking of coming to England." He said, looking at the screen and focusing on George's reaction. They'd talked about meeting each other for ages, and even now he noticed that the older man's eyes didn't light up the way they usually did. There was a pain sinking in Dream's stomach, for a fleeting moment considering that George didn't want to see him. So he looked at Sapnap's response and saw the man physically biting his tongue to stop himself from saying anything. He could see on the monitor that Sapnap was typing and decided to ignore whatever the message was going to be.

"Just for a few weeks. See the sights," he gestured to George on the screen before he remembered his camera was off. "You're the sight, George."

That caught him off guard, and while his response to the idea of Dream visiting had been muted, his flirting was enough for George to choke on the raisin he was eating.

"Dream!" He exclaimed, his voice sounding much more as he would expect.

"What, you're not up for showing me Big Ben?"

George almost wished he'd choked on the raisin as his cheeks flushed bright red, and even Sapnap found himself in stitches with laughter. Dream wheezed at his own joke, focusing his attention on his second monitor as he pulled up *Skyscanner* and began to type in the details.

"When works for you?" He asked, finally finding himself able to speak again.

"I--- Whenever, I suppose. We should get some recordings done before you come out though."

"Alright, so a week from now?" Dream asked, looking through the dates and picking a return flight two weeks after his arrival. Two weeks would be enough to make sure George felt okay, right? And if it wasn't he could just cancel his flight home, or find some other way to look after George from a distance? He just couldn't stand to sit by on the other side of the ocean and so nothing.
"Have you got a sofa I can sleep on?"

"What, you want him to show you Big Ben but won't share a bed?" Sapnap joked. "What a romantic."

"Shut up Sapnap." George teased, his cheeks turning red again at the mention of sharing a bed with Dream. "I've got a sofa, and an inflatable mattress and some spare blankets. We could figure something out."

"Good. All booked." He said, terribly pleased with himself.

"Does this make me the official third wheel?" Sapnap asked, George just rolling his eyes.

For now, all his hurt was forgotten. Dream felt as if he'd been able to do something to help, and even Sapnap had forgiven Dream for acting so rashly when their friend was smiling so widely. From that point on the conversation flowed naturally, George completely engaged. The two found themselves comforted knowing that, even if it was only temporary, George felt better.

"You're actually going to see him?" Sapnap asked. The three of them had been on a call for hours and it was late in England. George had left the call, the two of them now alone and able to verbally discuss what they'd seen. Dream found that the act of appearing ignorant had grown more and more laborious, his feelings doing little to help the desire to just say something.

"Of course I am. I know you said not to, to give him all the space and time he needs but... *I love him, Sap.*"

Dream felt a weight fall off his shoulders at that. He'd spoken to Sapnap, to Bad, to all their friends about his crush on George. But he'd never explicitly said he *loved* the man. He wasn't sure when he figured it out, but the way his stomach had dropped and everything around him seemed to shatter when he realised that George was suffering alone, he *knew* that wasn't just a crush.

"I know." Sapnap replied. There was no judgement for his rushed actions, just a gentle smile and an understanding. "Maybe don't open with that when you land, though. He's probably got enough going on in his head."

Dream nodded at that, because Sapnap was right, but it didn't stop the way it hurt. To realise he couldn't really tell George how he felt... But it would be for the best. He could be there, help him feel better, find something to put in place to make sure he *stayed* better even when he wasn't there. A relationship would only complicate things, and Dream didn't even know if George liked him back - if he liked men at all. He swallowed back all his selfish thoughts and nodded again.

"Yeah." Dream said. "You're right."

"Stop that." Sapnap said immediately, and Dream looked up at his video on the screen. "It's just me, I'm not George, I don't need you to be there for me right now so tell me the truth. Even if it sounds horrible, it's better than bottling it up."

"It's gonna hurt. Not telling him how I feel. I want him to feel the same for me, I want to have a relationship with him. I want to be selfish."

"That's okay." Sapnap said gently. "Message me when you're over there okay? You need to look after yourself as well as George, I'm here for you. Whatever you need."

"Thanks, Sap. You're a good friend."

"I think you'll find the word is *best* ." He teased softly, a smile on his face.

"I'll consider it." Dream replied, laughing just a little. Somehow, he didn't feel quite so hopeless anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading, hope today's chapter helped to make it a little easier to see the happy ending I keep promising in replies to you all! That said, YMCA came on shuffle earlier and I figured out how to make the journey a little bit more angst - I hope you're ready :D (And if anyone can guess how YMCA inspired angst, I'll give you a medal!)

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George was streaming another speedrun. While he wasn't anywhere near Dream's level of speedrunning, he'd been picking up on his tips and found that he was growing more confident into the rhythm of things. Speedrunning also meant his focus was entirely on the game at hand, and that was a *big* help. He'd found it difficult enough to keep his composure in front of Dream and Sapnap, with a few thousand people watching him he was almost certain that someone would've picked up on the fact that something was off. Deliberately, he was streaming without his webcam, though that was to the behest of some of his viewers. He managed to avoid answering the messages that appeared on his screen, able to use his focus on the game as an excuse. It had started off innocently enough - with someone asking him why he wasn't using his facecam - but when he hadn't replied it had become a torrent of questions.

Dream was in the call with George as he streamed and, as he noticed his friend making more mistakes as the questions kept coming in, he took it upon himself to deflect for George.

“Why isn’t George showing us his cute face?” Dream’s voice asked, reading one of the comments and causing George to blush more than he cared to admit. He was thankful then that his webcam was off, he didn’t need the chat to tease him for that, too. “I told him only I could look at his cute face, I’m a jealous boyfriend.”

“You’re not my boyfriend, Dream.” George replied, and Dream scoffed dramatically. The chat had at least moved away from pestering George to turn his facecam on and he was relieved, letting Dream deal with the onslaught of comments that he’d created. He focused instead on killing the blaze spawning in front of him, and pretended that the heat he was feeling in his cheeks was because of them - *not* because Dream had called him cute, and his boyfriend.

He doesn’t like you like that, you know .

George paused for a moment, swallowing as he realised that the voice in his head was telling him that. Usually the voice was very much his, and the comments and self loathing that came with it were still *controlled* by him, but that thought... It didn’t feel like he had controlled it. A blaze shot fire at him and suddenly he was burning, and Dream’s voice was coming through his headphones.

“What’re you doing, George?!” He wheezed, his laugh light and soft. “You’re not supposed to hug the blaze!”

“Why not? We always kill them. Maybe they’re just misunderstood, maybe they need a friend!”

That only made Dream laugh harder and George smiled a little. The voice in his head was gone, for now, and he settled back into the game as he directed his character into a cauldron of water to save him from dying.

The rest of the stream was uneventful. The comments were the same as always - begging Dream for a face reveal, asking George to say he loved Dream, he beat the Ender Dragon and improved on his previous time, and ended the stream fairly promptly after the game ended. He felt his shoulders sag, as if the weight of the world was finally lifted from him now he didn’t have to pretend he was okay in front of thousands of people, and he let out a heavy breath. He brought his hands to his face, fingers pressing into his eyes as he whispered a quiet curse against his skin. Dream cleared his throat and George remembered he wasn’t alone, not just yet.

“We should do a stream together when I visit.” Dream suggested, trying to move the subject on. If George wanted to talk now, he could, but he didn’t want to force it. “We could even put the facecam on together.”

“You’re going to show people your face for the first time in my apartment? Do you have any idea what kind of rumours that’ll start?”

“What do you mean, *start*?”

“Fine, give more credibility to?” George relented, pulling his headphones out so Dream’s voice filled his bedroom. He stood up, pacing away from his desk and letting himself stretch. He’d been streaming for a few hours and he felt exhausted.

“That I’m a jealous boyfriend? Pretty sure I already told everyone that.”

“You’re still not my boyfriend, Dream.” George rolled his eyes, yawning audibly as he continued to stretch. After a moment he settled himself on the edge of his bed and rubbed his eyes, his mind beginning to turn on him now that he was alone. Almost, anyway. “I’d be a rubbish boyfriend, too.”

Dream paused. He had to clarify with himself that they were actually having a conversation about the kind of boyfriend George would be, and he forced himself to try not to make his feelings obvious. He could play along, but he had to admit it hurt.

“You’d be a brilliant boyfriend, George.” He said, a little more sincerity behind the words than he’d meant to convey. George didn’t pick it up though, humming quietly to himself and lying back on his bed, closing his eyes and taking a breath.

There was a long moment of silence between the pair, Dream waiting patiently for his friend to say something and George trying to keep track of his mind as it ran at a hundred miles an hour. He could only think of everything Dream had ever said on the contrary. He knew it was all banter, that the two of them were the best of friends and their arguments were more to entertain the viewers than actual arguments, but his brain seemed focused on finding ways to twist every insult ever directed at him into the cold, hard truth.

“Are you still coming to England on Friday?” George asked quietly.

“Of course I am, I wouldn’t miss it for the world.” Dream replied quickly. There’d been no hesitation in coming to visit in the first place, and he certainly wasn’t going to change his mind now. There was something about George’s voice that seemed distant - and not just the fact that he was sitting away from his microphone. No, while George was acting like this he didn’t want to be anywhere but by his side.

“We can get some recording done tomorrow, if you don’t mind editing it. I’ll pay you for it.”

“It’s fine, you don’t have to pay me.” George told him. “You’re already coming to visit, I think that covers the cost of a few plug-in’s and edits.”

“Fine, I get to buy dinner while I’m there.” Dream said, his voice firm and showing that he wasn’t going to let George refuse. But George didn’t argue back, not even playfully, and that concerned Dream. Normally their conversations and banter continued once the stream had ended. His heartstrings pulled as he imagined the sort of inner turmoil George was going through, wanting to reach through the screen and hold him close. He felt so helpless as he listened to the silence, not even able to see if his friend was okay. It was killing him inside.

So he did the next best thing, pulling up his phone and looking at flights again, before breaking the silence.

“Actually, I might not be able to record tomorrow.” Dream said. “Something’s just come up, but I promise I’ll talk to you tomorrow night okay?”

“Yeah, that’s fine.” George said, the feeling in his stomach sinking even lower. If Dream didn’t even want to record with him, why was he coming to England? If he didn’t want to play a game with him, why would he want any other part of him? He felt so small, like his entire body was being weighed down by a force he didn’t quite understand. The conversation came to a halt again and he forced himself to sit up, leaning forwards to reach his mouse and moving it over the button to end the call. The voice in his head was returning and he couldn’t hold himself together anymore.

“Night Dream.” He said, not waiting to hear his friend’s goodbye as he hung up quickly, lying back on his bed again. He felt so horribly alone, and he didn’t even try to hold back the tears. They came freely, fast, and uncontrollably. Before long he felt his entire body shaking as sobs left his lips, his legs tucked up to his chest.

Dream figured that George had tried to hang up, but when the older man didn’t respond to his reply of goodnight he realised that he’d just muted him instead. As Dream went to end the call on his end he heard a sniffle, then a whimper, and then a tsunami of sobs hitting his friend. He was frozen for a moment, his eyes wide open and his heart breaking into thousands of tiny pieces. George had been holding all this in, only really letting it go when he thought he was alone, and Dream knew he had no right to listen to this any longer. He managed to end the call after a moment, his own hands shaking as George’s sobs played over and over in his mind.

He might not know what was hurting him so badly, but he knew that he needed to be there. He shouldn’t have waited a week, he should’ve gone the moment he realised that something was wrong. Dream had no idea how long this had been building up and the longer he was in America, the more George was going to hurt. Before he could think twice he clicked through the details of his ticket booking, changing the date and time he was supposed to fly. He’d already been excitedly packing and added a few more things to his bag, assuming that he’d have enough (and if he didn’t, that he’d be completely capable of buying things while he was in England). He grabbed his headphones, his chargers, his phone and his switch, putting them all into his rucksack with his wallet and house keys, writing a quick note to his neighbours that he’d had to fly out early and leaving it in their mailbox with the spare key for them to feed Patches, and made his way out of his apartment complex. He hailed a cab and before long was enroute to the airport, biting his bottom lip as he tried to calm himself down.

He’d be with George soon. Everything would be alright.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you're enjoying so far all! I just did my grown up thing for the year (bought a car) and to make up for how adult I was, I've called her Dream (no prizes for guessing who she's named after).

Please let me know how you're feeling about this fic so far, and anything you're interesting in seeing happen! I have an idea for how I want the story to end and how to get there, but I definitely want to make sure I'm taking your opinions into account!

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream had just made it through security when his phone began to ring. He saw George's name on the screen and didn't hesitate for even a moment as he answered, bringing the phone to his ear. His heart was in his throat and he tried to suppress his worry - the crying from earlier was still fresh in his mind though, and that made it difficult.

"George?" He asked quietly. "It's late, what's wrong?"

"Dream..." His voice was hoarse, he wasn't trying to hide the fact that he'd been crying and for that, Dream was relieved.

"What's wrong?"

"I..." George trailed off. He'd phoned Dream the moment he'd realised what he was doing, but he hadn't actually prepared what he was going to say. "I don't... Know what to say."

As Dream wandered through the airport he glanced up at the screens before him, searching quickly for his flight and finding himself frowning. As much as he wanted *desperately* to keep talking to George, he needed to board soon.

"That's okay." Dream reassured him, looking at the gate he'd be departing from and starting to walk through the halls. Thankfully the airport was somewhat quiet, but it was a Wednesday evening and that was to be expected. "Can you call Sapnap? Or Bad?"

"I want you." George squeaked out quietly, a sniffle accompanying the words, and Dream felt like he could combust on the spot. There wasn't any banter, no flirtatious joking, this was George being utterly vulnerable and he was going to have to refuse him.

"I can't talk for long." Dream told him honestly. He was going to keep this as a surprise, but the thought of having to hang up on George while he was like this without an explanation was too much to bear. "I'm at the airport. I changed my flight."

“Wh--”

“I’m landing in England tomorrow morning, I was going to come early and surprise you.”

There was a moment of silence on the phone, and for a moment Dream wondered if he’d done something horribly wrong. George’s breath sounded shaky and that only compounded his fears, but after a moment George nodded and let out a quiet--

“*Okay* . Thank you.”

Dream couldn’t help but feel even more worried. This kind of George didn’t sit right with him, and he just wished he could make the plane fly faster.

“Can you call Sapnap, or Bad? Whatever you need to say, we can talk about it tomorrow. But I’d feel better on this flight if I know that you’re talking to someone. You don’t have to talk about whatever’s bothering you.”

“I can try Sap.” George’s reply was quiet, and Dream felt himself relax a little at his agreement.

“Good. Call Sap, I’ll see you in the morning okay?”

“Dream?”

“Yes, George?”

“I’m so sorry.”

Dream couldn’t imagine what had happened to make his friend apologise. He’d seen what he’d done, and the state he was in now only confirmed that it was something he’d done to himself. While George had nothing to apologise for in his eyes, it was obvious that he felt he had something to say sorry for, and he desperately tried to find the right words to use in the short amount of time they had left together.

“You have absolutely nothing to apologise for.” Dream said softly. “And if you ever think you do, I’ll *always* forgive you. You’re my best friend, nothing will ever come between that.”

George sat in silence as he took in Dream’s words, feeling them try to fight away the horrible thoughts in his head. Everything he’d already done that evening had helped take the emotional weight off his shoulders - at least to the point where he felt he could function again - and he felt his mind beginning to clear.

“Thank you Dream.” He said quietly, a fist coming to rub at his already dry eyes.

“I have to board now, but call Sap, he’ll keep you company and I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Okay.” George replied, biting down on his bottom lip. “Thank you.”

George hung up, and as he lowered his phone he let out a shaky breath. He counted to five as he breathed in, and seven as he breathed out, before remembering the promise he made to Dream. He didn’t bother messaging to ask Sap if it was a good time, just pressed the button on his discord to call him. Sapnap answered after a moment, the dialling tone barely having a chance to play.

“George?”

“Hey.” George said. “Can we chat?”

“Sure, what’s up?” Sapnap said, straightening himself in his chair and giving all his focus to George. Did he want to talk about what he’d seen on stream the other night, or something else? Whatever it was, he was there for his friend.

“Nothing, I just wanted some company.” He admitted. He turned the volume up on the call before putting his phone down on his desk, taking in a breath again and looking around him at the state of his room. As Sapnap discussed his day, George focused on his room and the mess it was in. After his stream had ended earlier his mind had closed in on him, memories coming back after the comments about his appearance had been made persistently by the fans. None of it was malicious, he *knew* they hadn’t been trying to hurt him, they just wanted him to turn his facecam on but... It had been enough to send him spiralling when he’d been alone, and he’d hurt himself again. Maybe he should have gotten rid of the blade in the days before, but he had had a strange urge to keep it and now he knew why. The relief it provided had been so instant that he could help but use it

again. And this time he'd been more upset, he'd done more, and his sheets were stained red. It wouldn't usually have mattered, but Dream was coming to visit and he'd be there the next day. There was too much blood to wash out overnight, and if he changed his own sheets he wouldn't have anything to give to Dream when he arrived the next day. Sapnap's voice barely even registered as he tried to think of a solution, stripping the sheets off and throwing them into a corner of his room. Dream wouldn't be in his bedroom, anyway. It would be fine.

That in itself raised another, more worrying point. How was he going to hide this from Dream for two and a half weeks? He could keep his hoodie on, but surely he was going to be caught out at some point? His sleeves could be rolled up, he could be in pajamas going to use the bathroom while Dream was up with jetlag, or it could just be a particularly hot day.

“Sapnap?” George said quietly, and the other man stopped talking.

“What’s up?”

“What if Dream hates me?”

“What?” He asked, laughing lightly out of shock. “Why would Dream hate you?”

George swallowed, blinking as he thought over his reply. “I’m just... Nervous. What if he realises that I’m not the same person I am online, what if he thinks I’m just... *Awful*.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, Dream would never think that. None of us would.”

“But there’s a lot he doesn’t know about me, but if he’s visiting for two weeks then he’ll see it all, he’ll figure it out, what if--”

“George, calm down. Dream is our friend, he wouldn’t hate any of us, trust me.”

George hesitated. The voice in his head was so certain that Dream would hate him the moment he realised how broken he was, or that if he learned all the secret’s he’d been keeping.

“I guess I just don’t want to lose him... I’ve always wanted to meet him but the idea of *losing*

Dream ... Sap, I like him. Like, *like-like* him. I'm... I'm *gay*, and I've never told any of you because I've been terrified of how you'll react and he's going to be *here*, he'll figure it out."

Sapnap let George speak as much as he needed. Of course he didn't care about his friend's sexuality - it didn't change their friendship - but knowing that George had been scared to tell them meant that he couldn't just say that. He wondered if that had been the catalyst for his current state of mind, but if this had been something he'd been keeping from them for a while then he could only assume something else had happened.

"That's fine, George. And I promise Dream will be okay with it too. Seriously. We're not going to tell the fans, we're not going to treat you any differently, you're still our friend and we still love you." He said, trying to be as reassuring as he could. "You can talk to us about anything you need to George."

George opened and closed his mouth, trying to think of a response. He'd been afraid to tell his friends and hadn't expected such a positive, *welcoming* response, and with Sapnap's invitation to talk about anything he felt the need to tell him the truth about *everything*, about what had happened that night and why he'd been feeling so awful lately, about all the things he'd done to himself and everything he thought about himself.

"Thanks, Sapnap." He said quietly, putting his head in his hands. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be." Sapnap replied. "You've got nothing to be sorry for George. If you have, God only knows how much *I* have to apologise for."

"I should go to bed. Dream changed his flight, he's going to be here tomorrow and I need to get things ready for him."

"You sure you're good?" Sapnap asked, wanting to be sure before he said his goodbye's. He'd let George take his time talking about whatever was truly bothering him, but he wanted to make sure he had every opportunity to do so.

"Sure. Dream and I will call you tomorrow, okay?"

"That sounds like a good plan." Sapnap said, smiling to himself. "Give Dream a kiss from me?"

“Shut up, Sapnap.” George replied, finding himself smiling too. After a quick goodbye he hung up, and he found that he felt an awful lot better. Not perfect, the voices in his head still lingered, but he definitely felt *better*. Still, admitting his sexuality to his friends was only the first part of the problem. Admitting everything else that was hurting him... For now, he'd keep that hidden. Though with Dream arriving in a matter of hours, he knew that would be easier said than done.

Chapter End Notes

George is baby and I wanna protect him from my writing ;-; But Dream will be in England soon, things will start to be explained and George will have his best friend by his side!

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream had never waited so long at baggage claims in his life. It had only been a few minutes waiting for his bags to appear, but knowing that he was meeting George - and the state his friend was in - he wanted nothing more than to be by his side already. He glanced at the time on his phone, biting on his lower lip as his bags came into view. He'd already booked an Uber straight to George's apartment, not wanting to bother the older man so early in the morning (and still wanting to give him *some* kind of surprise). With everything collected he found himself jogging lightly through the airport, squeezing past groups of reuniting families to get outside.

The journey was long - he thought after the plane had landed that he'd almost be with George but that wasn't the case. The airport had been further away from the city centre than he'd thought and the lunch time traffic snarled, extending his journey further. He'd dropped George a quick text to tell him he was almost there, just so he didn't worry. George simply replied with a smiley face emoji and Dream found his stomach doing somersaults. He knew he had to keep his feelings for George at bay, because this wasn't what his visit was about, but knowing that he was going to see his friend in person for the first time - it was going to be difficult not to feel constantly surrounded by nervous butterflies and sweaty palms.

As the Uber pulled up outside the apartment building Dream jumped out and grabbed his luggage from the boot of the car. He waved a thanks to the driver, giving him the usual 5-star rating on the app and looking up at the building his friend lived in. His heart was pounding, and while the summer sun was nothing compared to the heat of Florida he found his mouth dry. He buzzed at the entrance to the complex for George's apartment, waiting a few moments to hear a response.

“Hello?” The voice came, and Dream broke out into a smile.

“Oh *Geooooorge* !” He teased, and he heard a gasp on the other side of the panel.

“Dream!” Came an excited response, and Dream was beyond overjoyed to hear that it sounded *genuine* . “Wait right there, I’m coming.” George said, the buzzing stopping. Quickly, Dream reached into his rucksack and pulled out a paper plate - he’d drawn two eyes and a smile on it with a black marker - and held it in front of his face. He got weird looks from passers-by, but couldn’t think anything of it as the door opened and he heard a familiar voice.

“Dream! You’re not actually going to do this for the next two and a half weeks are you?!” He

asked, and a laugh came from behind the paper plate.

“I don’t know, maybe.” Dream joked, and George rolled his eyes.

“You’ve not even poked eye holes through that thing, you won’t be able to see.”

There was a pause, and then “touche.” Dream replied, lowering the paper plate to reveal himself to his friend.

George waited for just a moment, not really sure what he’d expected but not... Not that. Dream was gorgeous, and George felt like he’d been punched in the chest twice. Once, squarely with the crush on his friend he’d tried hopelessly to repress and move on from, and once by a deep insecurity that someone like *him* would never want to be friends with someone like George.

Dream broke the moment, stepping forward and pulling George tightly into his arms. George was shorter than him and fit snuggly against his chest, and it became even harder to suppress his emotions as he held him close and George returned the embrace. He’d known that hugging George was one of the first things he’d wanted to do when he’d arrived, but the previous night had spurred an extra protective desire to do so. He didn’t want George to feel alone, or hurt, or upset, and hugging him felt like he could do something to keep him from all that.

“We should head inside.” George said after a moment, loosening his grip on Dream and reluctantly taking a step back. He grabbed both of Dream’s larger bags, insisting on taking them when Dream protested, and the two of them walked into his complex together.

“It’s not really as finished as I’d like it to be, I was going to wash some sheets for later in the week but since you flew out earlier I’ll get some more from the shops. I need an extra set, anyway. I’ve set the inflatable mattress up in the living room, thought you might want a bit of your own space rather than sleeping in my room, but we can trade if you’re not comfortable.”

Dream nodded, following close behind as George unlocked the door to his apartment and invited him in. “I’m not gonna take your bed, George, don’t worry.” Dream said. If they’d been on a stream, or playing with Sapnap, he’d probably have made a joke about sharing the bed, but being face to face with George it somehow seemed harder. Knowing he’d see his friend’s reaction, and likely his rejection, he felt a little more reserved in himself.

“What are you wanting to do this afternoon?” George asked. “I figured you might need to get over

some jetlag so I haven't really planned anything. I *do* want to take you to dinner though."

"Taking me to dinner?" Dream asked, *that* seemed like a safer joke to make. "Don't tell the shippers."

"Shut up, Dream." George said, rolling his eyes and scoffing as he placed Dream's bags down. "I can get you something to eat and let you get settled now if you want, and I can get some more bedding for you now."

Dream paused for a moment, wondering if he should broach the subject of the phone call the night before. George seemed much happier now, much more composed and open, and he wondered if whatever he'd wanted to talk about he didn't feel *safe* talking about without a degree of separation. Dream didn't push, but he made a note to talk about it sooner rather than later. Helping George had been the reason behind his trip, even if George didn't strictly know that.

"That sounds good, I should call my parents and let them know I'm here safe, let Sapnap know."

"Oh, I said we'd call him tonight." George said, raising his voice a little as he wandered through to the kitchen.

"We could stream, if you want? I still have the paper plate."

He heard George laugh from the kitchen and, knowing a wall separated the two, he let the smile on his face grow. He'd always loved making George laugh, but doing it in person felt all the more special.

"Sure, we can stream." He agreed, emerging from the kitchen and tossing Dream a pink bag of gummy sweets. Turning it over in his hands, he raised an eyebrow.

"Percy Pigs'?" He asked, and George shrugged.

"Quintessential British culture, Percy Pigs' are a way of life." He explained. "If you don't like them I've tried to stock up on as much as I could, feel free to take anything you want. I'll just be a few minutes grabbing some stuff from across the road - is there anything you need that you didn't bring with you?"

“I don’t know.” Dream admitted, yawning a little as he opened the packet and grabbed a handful of sweets, too tired and hungry to pace himself.

“Get some sleep if you can, I don’t want you falling asleep in your dinner.” He joked, giving Dream a smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes that time.

“Yes sir.” Dream replied, and George shook his head as he left Dream alone in his apartment.

The second the door closed behind him, George felt a surge of several different emotions all trying to take him over at once. But the one that hit him the hardest was complete and utter fear, and he didn’t even reach the edge of the apartment complex before turning back to head inside. He’d only been gone a few minutes, but Dream had settled on the sofa with his eyes closed, and George decided not to disturb him. Instead, he took the clean bedding that he would have used for his own bed and made up Dream’s mattress. He’d sleep without blankets for a few nights, at least until the two of them had the chance to go to the shop together. He didn’t want to go out there alone, not yet. Having Dream with him would help soothe his anxiety, and maybe he’d be able to go outside again on his own by the time Dream had to head home.

He could only hope that would be the case.

Chapter End Notes

Our boys are together!! Also for anyone reading from the UK, I am trying to cram as many UK memes in just because I think it's hilarious, hence we have Percy Pig's (and next chapter will include a Cheeky Nando's!) Let me know what you're thinking so far, the response to this fic has been overwhelming and I'm so lucky to have so many wonderful readers, seriously! Thank you so much to all that have been enjoying so far!

Edit: I've just planned out the rest of the fic, and I've updated the tags and chapter totals to fit the template I've got. I don't think I'll add many more tags, so warnings for anything in the next few chapters should be there. Be sure to take a look before the next couple of chapters are posted!

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream slept for a few hours and George quietly edited in his bedroom, the door open so he could see across to Dream in case the younger man woke up. When he did, it was with a low, sleepy groan and a stretch. George found his cheeks turning pink at the noise, taking a sip of water to calm himself down a little before leaving his desk and going back to join Dream in the living room.

"Did the nap help?" He asked, Dream yawning and nodding.

"Uh-huh." He said, giving George a sleepy smile.

"I'm starving, what time is it?"

"We can go grab dinner if you want, it's just after four so it's a bit early but we can walk rather than get a cab?" George suggested, and Dream nodded in response.

"Do I need to get all dressed up for our date?"

"It's not a date." George scoffed, grabbing a jacket to pull over his hoodie. "It's a cultural experience. You've never had a *Cheeky Nando's*, right?"

"A what now?" Dream asked, getting to his feet and grabbing his own jacket.

"Pfft, Americans." George shook his head. "Come on, let me teach you the ways of the British."

Jokingly, George held out his hand, but Dream took it quite happily and George faltered for a moment. Dream's hand fit perfectly in his, and the Floridian seemed to be just a little bit warmer. It was nice, *this* was nice, but he forced himself to let go and grab his keys and wallet, leading Dream out into the city.

The walk to Nando's wasn't too long, they arrived just before five and the restaurant was still quiet.

With Dream by his side, George had managed to remain composed during their walk and Dream hadn't picked up on - or at least, hadn't mentioned - how often he looked over his shoulder. The two sat in a booth by the window and watched crowds of people walking by, shoppers making their way home and commuters running for the subway. A waitress brought them both menus and left them alone.

"So what's so special about Nando's?"

George paused, glancing over the menu as he tried to come up with a decent answer. "I mean... It's a meme."

"A meme?" Dream asked, smiling over his own menu at George. "You take me on a date to a meme?"

"Stop saying this is a date!" George whispered, though his tone was still amused enough for Dream to push again.

"Aww, your cheeks look even more red in person when you blush."

George felt himself heating up uncontrollably at that, quickly changing the subject.

"You get whatever you want, I usually go for a burger and some chips, or some corn on the cob, and you pick how spicy you want the burger to be."

"I bet they don't make it spicy enough for me to feel it." Dream said, chuckling to himself. George realised that Dream was exactly the kind of person that would try to eat chili's for fun, but he supposed that was the stereotype of all Floridians. "You order for me, you're clearly a connoisseur."

"Fine, but you'll regret getting it so spicy when it comes." George told him. The waitress returned to their table and George ordered the chicken wings with sides for Dream, and the butterfly chicken for himself. They both ordered a coke to drink, and were soon left alone again.

"So what do you want to do while you're here?" George asked, and Dream gave him a smile and a shrug.

“I don’t mind, whatever you want to do.” He said. He didn’t think now was a good time to mention what he and Sapnap had seen on their call the other night, but maybe he could bring it up later in the evening. Maybe when they were back home they could talk about it - putting George on the spot in the middle of a restaurant didn’t really seem like the nicest thing to do. “So long as we spend it together, I’m fine with anything.”

George smiled at that, silently biting on his tongue to keep his emotions at bay. “Well if you want a proper tourist experience I can give you one. We can see Parliament, Buckingham Palace, the London Eye---”

“Big Ben?”

“Shut up, Dream.” The pair laughed, and as the waitress brought their drinks over to them Dream stood up - excusing himself for a minute to go to the bathroom.

“Think about me.” Dream heard George calling to him and he chuckled to himself. *How had he fallen in love with this idiot?*

Dream hadn’t been gone for long, only a couple of minutes as he’d fought with the motion detecting taps, before he came back to the table. He wasn’t an idiot, even though he often seemed like it, but he could immediately tell that *something* was wrong. George seemed paler than before, his eyes glazed over and his fingers gripping the edge of the table tightly. Dream could see how his knuckles were shaking from the strain.

“George?” He asked quietly, the older man jumping in his seat and taking in a quiet gasp. “You okay?” George nodded in response, opening his mouth to say something but closing it again quickly. This had been why Dream had come to visit - to be able to help his friend with whatever he was going through - but he realised now that he was ill prepared for it. He didn’t know what to do, if he should reach out and comfort him or give him space? Should he ask about it, or change the subject?

“I’m just going to the loo.” George said quietly, his voice wavering, and he quickly made his way to the bathroom. For a moment, Dream was left with his mind racing, pulling out his phone and sending Sapnap a message.

Dream: Whatever’s going on, it’s worse than we thought. I hate seeing him like this Sap, I just hope I’m helping him in the right way.

Sapnap: Just remember to go at his pace - call me if you need a hand? And if you need to talk, too. I wish I could be there to help you.

Having had a moment to calm his own thoughts down, speaking to Sapnap for a second helping him to deal with his own reaction to seeing George so upset, he followed his friend into the bathroom. As the restaurant had been almost empty, they were the only two in the bathroom. George had locked himself in the stall furthest away and even from the door, Dream could hear muffled sobs and shallow, panicky breaths.

“George?” He called, making sure his friend knew he was there - he didn’t want to take him by surprise and make him feel any worse. “It’s just me.” He walked slowly towards the stall, standing outside for a brief moment and hearing a tiny squeak as his friend tried to hide how upset he was. Dream knocked on the door twice with his knuckles, swallowing back his emotions at the sound of his friend crying. He’d heard it too much in the last few days for his liking, and he wanted to fix it as best he could.

“Do you want to come out here and talk, or do you want to let me in?” He asked.

The response was a shaky exhale, the click of a lock, and George stepping out with his head hung low. He didn’t want to look at Dream, he *couldn’t* look at Dream. How could he? Surely the moment Dream saw him like this, he’d leave. Jump on the first plane back to America and never speak to him again.

So when he felt Dream’s arms wrap around him and hold him close he froze - utterly confused as to why anyone would try to comfort and care for him. After a moment he melted, moving to press his face against Dream’s chest as his sobs began to fall much more freely. He wrapped his arms around Dream, though his grip was loose and shaky as he cried, and Dream held him tighter.

“You’re okay, George. I’m here.” Dream said softly, one hand moving up and down George’s back slowly, trying to coax his friend into breathing normally again. “I’m not going anywhere, I promise, I’m right here.”

George felt as if everything was closing in on him, he felt sick, his legs felt weak and his head felt light. His sobs, while muffled against Dream’s chest, wracked his entire body as everything came crashing down. He’d struggled with his own self worth for too long now, and after what had happened the other night... It had only been a matter of time before it was going to manifest into something far more ugly. He could faintly feel Dream’s hand rubbing his back, hear his voice in the distance telling him that he wasn’t alone, and it was just enough to keep him from spiralling completely. He had some kind of reality to hold onto, something to ground him and keep him from

becoming lost in his thoughts and he needed that horribly.

As time passed, his sobs lessened and Dream's voice became clearer. It wasn't long before he was listening to Dream counting, instructing him when to breathe to help him to calm down.

They stood there for at least twenty minutes, with the last ten entirely just Dream holding George close and George trying to regain the energy he needed to feel capable of doing absolutely anything. When Dream eventually felt his friend standing up a little straighter he placed his hands on his shoulders, taking a step back and looking at him. His cheeks were pink and wet, and his eyes were bloodshot from crying, and Dream wanted nothing more than to pull him close all over again.

"Do you want to talk about it now?" He asked, making it clear that if he didn't - they'd be talking about it later. Dream just couldn't stand by any longer, his heart was utterly shattered by seeing his friend like this.

"Later." George said quietly, taking in a breath and wiping his eyes with the back of his fists.
"You're hungry, we should go back to the table and have dinner."

Dream nodded understandingly, he wouldn't push George to talk in a public place, and he wrapped an arm around his shoulder to lead him back towards their table. Their jackets were still on their seats with their drinks, and as they sat back down Dream saw the waitress heading into the kitchen - clearly they'd been waiting for them to reappear before bringing any food out.

George took his glass of coke in his hands, taking a slow, long drink to help his throat feel a little better after crying for so long. After placing it back down on the table he offered Dream a faint smile.

"So, let me tell you why Nando's is so important..." He began, and Dream nodded enthusiastically. He'd listen to whatever George wanted to talk about now, whatever it took to calm his friend down again - but he knew the smile on his face wasn't real, and whatever they were going to talk about when they went home was going to be painful. Still, this was George, and Dream would do absolutely anything for him.

Chapter End Notes

It be sad boi hours :(

Edit: I made a Twitter! Come follow me over here (if you want!)

<https://twitter.com/AmelieSong2>

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George barely ate any of his dinner, his appetite evaporated after he'd cried. He pushed the chicken around on his plate and picked at his chips, mostly just focusing on drinking his coke and keeping himself calm. Every so often he'd look to Dream, who was less affected by the spicy sauce than George cared to admit. Even with the man jet-lagged and eating like a man starved, George couldn't help but feel his stomach churning. If he'd met Dream on the street one day he probably wouldn't have given him a second glance, but knowing that they'd been friends for years, that they both knew so much about each other, that he'd just stood in the bathroom and held him for twenty minutes while he cried... It made every part of Dream so much more beautiful. The freckles on his face stood out just a little clearer, his eyes shone a little brighter, and his smile seemed so much more infectious. Why he had to fall in love with this man, he didn't know. The voice in his head was so much harsher towards him as he thought about everything he wanted to tell Dream, but it was quieter with him around.

The rest of the meal passed by uneventfully, if a little quiet. Dream insisted on paying, so George left a tip on the table and the two of them walked home together. The sun was still up, it was still warm outside, and Dream had resorted to taking his jacket off. He didn't question why George kept his on despite the visible sweat forming on his forehead. He already knew, and he knew George would be telling him soon enough.

George had never been so glad to see his apartment again, buzzing them into the complex and leading Dream back up to his apartment. As soon as they were both inside he closed and locked the door, pulling off his jacket and hoodie and sitting on the sofa with a heavy sigh.

“Do you want something to drink?” Dream asked. “Do you have like... Hot chocolate or something? I know you don’t like tea.”

George looked up to Dream, trying his hardest to muster up a smile for him. “Yeah.” He said quietly, forcing himself to his feet to give him something to focus on for a few minutes. “I can make it. Do you want some?” Dream nodded, sitting himself down and waiting a few minutes quietly as George made two mugs of hot chocolate. He'd filled his with more sugar than usual, just wanting a bit of energy to get him through the conversation with Dream, passing the younger man his mug as he settled beside him on the sofa. He was aware that the marks on his arm were visible now, and that Dream hadn't said anything or reacted, and he let his shoulders sag.

“You do still want to talk about this, right?” George asked, glancing down and tapping his fingers against the mug. “We don’t have to, we can just stream or something or--”

“Of course I do George, you’re my best friend. It’s what I’m here for.” He said, pausing for a moment before continuing. “Sapnap and I saw what you’d done to yourself when we called the other night... We wanted to give you space, give you time so you could talk to us when you felt ready. I couldn’t do that, and when I heard you crying the other night--”

“You heard that?” George asked, looking up quickly.

“I think you tried to hang up but missed. I tried to get your attention but you must’ve muted me instead. I didn’t listen for long, I hung up and changed my flights as soon as I could.”

George swallowed nervously, nodding and looking back down at his mug. “Okay.” He said quietly, taking in a deep breath. “You’ll have to... There’s a lot to explain, you’ll have to give me a minute.”

“That’s okay.” Dream assured him. “Take as long as you need, I’m here. Just... Remember I’m *always* here, and you can talk to me after tonight, too.”

There were a few minutes of silence between them, George’s fingers rhythmically tapping against the side of his mug, and Dream sipping his hot chocolate quietly as he allowed the man to think of what he was going to say.

“This was a lot easier with Sapnap.” George muttered quietly. “He was behind a screen when I said this, you’re... Here.”

“Would it be easier if I went into another room and we spoke on a call?”

George couldn’t help but feel touched at Dream’s offer, but he shook his head. “Saying it to your face will probably help.” He admitted, taking in a deep breath before speaking again - determined to just spit the words out. He closed his eyes tightly and spoke. “I’m gay.” He said, waiting a few moments before opening his eyes again.

“Okay.” Dream said. “Is that...”

“No.” George admitted. “That’s not it that’s just... I’ve not told anyone, just Sapnap, and now you. The only people that’ve known don’t actually know who I am. You’re the first person I’ve told face to face, and Sapnap only found out last night.”

Dream nodded, hesitating for a moment before speaking. “Is that... A bigger deal over here? People don’t mind me in Florida.”

“I don’t know.” George admitted quietly. “I thought I was ready to come out last year but there were a lot of news stories about people being beaten up for being gay, people being hospitalised for it, so I got scared and tried to convince myself I *wasn’t* gay. And then I started to feel more comfortable with myself again, I went out to a club, I never thought it would happen to me but...”

Dream’s heart had stopped, his stomach was in his throat and his grip around his mug had tightened exponentially. “But what?” He prompted.

“But, when I left, there were people waiting outside. I don’t think they targeted me, I think they just wanted to hurt someone, but they... Hurt me. My ribs and my stomach, mostly. Managed to say some fairly horrific things while they were kicking me, I was lucky someone saw and grabbed the bouncer - scared them off before they could do anything worse. They wanted to call an ambulance but I just came home. I’ve been okay, hurts a bit but I don’t think they broke anything so I’ve just been ignoring it. I thought I saw them walking past earlier, when you’d gone to the bathroom, I was terrified they’d come in and do something else to me.”

“Have you taken any paracetamol? Are you taking anything for the pain? Are there any bruises?” Dream asked his questions in quick succession, his worry for George overtaking any rational thinking to try and pace himself. He felt guilty that he hadn’t been there to protect George, both when he was hurt and when he saw the men earlier. “What did they say?”

“Nothing I haven’t heard before, usually it’s just online though. In person, when you’re on the ground being kicked, it’s different.” George admitted. “It stuck with me, made the voices in my head telling me how awful I am louder, and everything the fans criticised me for - even just wanting me to have my facecam on - it made everything worse. I felt like I deserved to hurt more so... I did. I’ve done it twice, that’s it.” George said, swallowing and taking a deep breath. His hands were shaking now, and Dream moved to place one of his reassuringly on top of George’s.

“Have you still got what you used to hurt yourself?” Dream asked, and George nodded quietly. “We’ll get rid of it then, okay? Everything they told you is a complete and utter lie, George, I promise.”

“You don’t know what they said--”

“But I know *you* , and if they said anything bad about you then I know it’s a lie. You’re my best friend, you’re one of the kindest, funniest, most honest men I know. You’re brilliant at coding, you’re hilarious to talk to and have fantastic ideas for all our videos - I don’t know what I’d be without you.” Dream told him, placing his mug down on the coffee table before them and taking George’s untouched drink from his hand. Despite his heart screaming at him to tell George how he felt, he knew this wasn’t the time for romance, and he just pulled his friend close to him again. “I hate knowing that you’re feeling this way, George.”

George let himself be held, wrapping his arms around Dream just as tightly this time and enjoying the embrace. Being held like this just made Dream’s words feel all the more true, it made it harder to think about the kicks to his ribs and the cruel words that had been hurled at him. Right now, all that mattered was Dream.

“Thank you for all of this, Dream.” He said quietly, and after a moment he let go of Dream and got to his feet - wandering to his bedroom and picking up the tiny blade from his desk. He could see that the blade had turned just a little brown from where he had used it to hurt himself, not cleaning the instrument after use, and he wandered back into the living room with it. Dream watched him as he threw it away, and despite only having used it twice George felt a strange sensation as he closed the lid of the bin. He didn’t know what he’d do when Dream left and the voices came back, when he deserved pain but couldn’t give it to himself.

“I didn’t manage to get any other bedsheets.” George admitted, changing the topic from the conversation he’d been having with himself. “I gave you mine, I don’t want you cold. England’s a lot colder than Florida.”

“Do you want to share the bed, then?” Dream asked. “I’m not having you freeze either.”

“Are you sure you’re comfortable doing that?” George asked quietly. “I know some guys don’t like being around gay guys, I don’t want to freak you out.”

“George.” Dream said, offering him a gentle smile. “Of course I’m comfortable doing it: I suggested it.. We’ll keep our socks on.” He said, teasing just a little.

While neither of them would admit to the other that sleeping together - sharing a blanket, sleeping side by side in the same bed - sounded like the best way to spend the next two and a half weeks, neither of them would suggest changing the sleeping arrangement even after new bed sheets were purchased. After all, as they clambered into bed that night in their pajamas, George found himself quiet at home using Dream’s chest as a pillow, and Dream felt an awful lot better knowing that his friend was sleeping soundly in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

They finally talked, and George got the first of many (very deserved) cuddles from his friend <3

Also for those that don't know there was a fairly high profile case of two girls getting beaten up and hospitalised on a bus in the UK last year and it terrified me back into the closet, I'm still not comfortable with being out offline because I'm genuinely too afraid that the same will happen to me. I can only assume that this happened to a lot of lgbt people that weren't out to a lot of people, and I just hope you're all feeling safe and comfortable in yourself <3 You're perfectly fine as who you are and you don't need to change that, but there's never an obligation to share that with the world if you aren't ready!

And finally: Oh my God, they were bedmates :o

I have a twitter now! Come say hi! <https://twitter.com/AmelieSong2>

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George woke up first in the morning. They'd fallen asleep close but were now practically inseparable. His legs were wound around Dream's and the younger man was holding him close. George had one arm splayed on the pillow beside Dream's head, the other resting on his hip. He knew he should move before Dream woke up - they'd slept together because it had helped George to feel safe, not because there was any romantic relationship between them, and George didn't want to ruin their friendship.

He moved slowly, cautiously untangling himself from Dream, but he was met with resistance as Dream's arms held him tighter, and a soft grunt made it apparent that he didn't want to let go.

“C'mon Dream.” George said quietly. “At least let me get up to make you breakfast?”

Dream, still half asleep, muttered some kind of reply and loosened his grip on George just enough for the man to squirm his way out of bed, pushing down all the feelings he had for the other man. After getting out of bed and going to the bathroom, George started working on their breakfast as promised. It was a little after 9 - Dream had been exhausted from jetlag and George had been exhausted from his emotions, and a long night's sleep had been needed by them both - George pulled a carton of eggs and a packet of bacon from the fridge, starting to cook them and listening to the sounds of movement emerging from his bedroom.

The smell of bacon was enough to stir Dream, the man wandering through already dressed and leaning against a counter to watch George cook with a smile.

“What have you got planned for us today?” Dream asked. George glanced over at him, swallowing back just how domestic and *right* this felt.

“I'm not sure I'm ready to head outside.” He admitted quietly, looking back to the frying pan as he scrambled the eggs. “I'm still kind of on edge... I figured, we said we'd stream, we could do it today. Maybe chat with Sapnap, too. If you don't want to I can give you some recommendations of where to go, you don't have to--”

“Streaming sounds great.” Dream interjected. He didn't want George to get caught up in thinking that he didn't want to spend time with him. “I'll make the paper plate into more of a mask, poke some eye holes through, chat'll hate it.”

“They’ll never forgive you if you refuse to take that off.” George warned him, stepping away from the frying pan to butter a few slices of bread, sliding the bacon on one half and turning to Dream. “Any sauce?”

“What does the chef recommend?”

“Brown sauce, always. Pretty sure it’s a law.” George said, smothering his own bacon with HP sauce before closing his sandwich and plating up some of the eggs for himself. “Or you can have it with ketchup.”

“Brown sauce - nothing sounds more appetising.” Dream joked, taking the bottle from George and putting significantly less sauce on his own sandwich, helping himself to the rest of the eggs as George grabbed them both a fork.

“This is a bacon buttie.” George explained, hungrily taking a mouthful. He hadn’t realised, after barely touching his dinner last night, just how hungry he was. “A buttie is basically a sandwich, you can have it with anything. Chip butties are good, but *nothing* beats a cheese and crisp buttie.”

“What?” Dream laughed. “None of what you said was English.”

“It was perfect English! You butter your bread, add some cheddar, then crisps - I usually go for cheese and onion - absolute peng meal there.”

“Peng?!” Dream exclaimed, his familiar wheezing brightening George’s kitchen. “That’s not a word, George!”

“It’s a word! Stop laughing, we’ve not even learned about cockney rhyming slang yet.”

The two of them laughed, eating their breakfast happily as the conversation moved towards what George would stream later in the day. They had a few plugins ready to try, but wanted to save those for when Dream was back in the US and could record with him, so they settled on streaming a speedrun - Dream could coach George from his side and could keep an eye on the chat.

George cleaned away the dishes, washing up after they’d finished eating, and Dream took some

scissors, string and tape away to make the mask a little more durable. After George had washed up he got dressed, pulling his hoodie on and making sure his arms were covered before he pulled up Twitter and YouTube, advertising that he'd be streaming in the next couple of minutes, before getting himself set up. It felt easier to put a smile on his face now, and he easily settled into chatting with the first fans that appeared in his chat, starting his game and quickly beginning to play.

He was a few minutes in when he saw the door to his bedroom open, glancing off screen for a moment before looking back to the cave he was in.

“Alright guys, I’ve got a special guest who’s going to join me today.” George said while he was mining iron. He scooted his seat to the side just a little as Dream appeared in frame, bringing a chair to sit on with him. As he sat down his face came into view on the camera - obscured by the paper plate mask that made him look like his character - and the chat erupted into utter chaos. People were begging Dream to remove his mask, but he stuck to his guns, giving George tips as he began to traverse through the Nether, and reading a few donations out.

It didn’t take long for the chat to start asking George to say that he loved Dream, and the older man shook his head.

“He’s right here, I’m not going to say it anyway, but definitely not to his face! He’s here for another two weeks, do you know how rubbish it’d be? He wouldn’t let me live it down.”

“Aww, but George, I love you!” Dream teased, George rolling his eyes.

“He’s just saying that because you’re all watching us, the moment this stream ends he’ll go back to being Mean Mr Dream again.”

“Mean Mr--” Dream laughed, shaking his head as the chat began to spam *Mean Mr Dream* over and over. “That is *not* my nickname. Don’t call me that!”

“Alright, Mean Mr Dream.” George said quietly.

“George!” Dream yelled, still playful behind his mask, but it was enough to make George walk straight into a blaze and, without a cauldron, burn to death.

“Dream! What the hell?!” George yelled, gently pushing the younger man’s shoulder and shoving him in his seat.

“Who’s mean now?” Dream asked, George quitting to the main menu and starting a new save file with the shake of his head. He muttered something beneath his breath, Dream deliberately winding him up that run and making him die much earlier.

“Come on, let me show you how it’s done.” Dream said. George sat back and gestured for the other man to take control of the keyboard, reading through some donations and chatting with fans. Out of habit, George had started a timer when Dream had started his run, and Dream spoke as he put the Eyes of Ender into the portal.

“Where am I at, George?” He asked, George glancing down to the timer and widening his eyes.

“I swear, Dream, if you beat your own speedrunning record on *my stream* --”

“Where am I at?” He asked, mining his way up to the platform in the End and starting to snipe the End Crystals.

“You’re just about to hit 18 minutes.” George said, quickly clicking off the timer to skip through Dream’s last video. “You’re about 30 seconds ahead.”

Dream nodded, falling into a quiet concentration as the chat exploded with support - realising what they were about to see. A few more minutes passed and Dream was hitting the Dragon, her health almost gone, and then--

“No!” Dream yelled, the Dragon hitting him away with her wings. He was sent flying, the world record time was lost, and despite clicking the water from his bucket hadn’t spawned. The death screen showed up and he groaned, annoyed that his effort hadn’t come to fruition, but not minding too much. He hadn’t been doing this for weeks on end, so the failure really didn’t bother him too much. Still, he played it up for the fans watching who all seemed distraught.

“Showing me how it’s done, Dream?” George teased, receiving a nudge in response. Sensing that he wouldn’t be able to top that for the stream, and they’d been going for a couple of hours, George closed off the stream - saying goodbye to his fans before ending his capture and logging out of Twitch.

“I was so close.” Dream said, sitting back in his chair and resting his hands over his stomach. “That would’ve been so cool, to beat it first try with everyone watching.”

“You’re still the record holder, you don’t need to beat it again so soon!” George pointed out, and Dream just shrugged.

“Yeah, but it’s proving a point if I do.” He smirked, pulling his mask up just a little so George could see the look on his face.

George found his stomach twisting inside him as he looked at Dream, seeing him lying back so casually, smirk peeking out from beneath his mask. Dream bit his bottom lip gently, and George found it impossible to resist. He did the one thing he’d absolutely forbidden himself from doing.

He leaned forwards and, hurriedly, he kissed Dream. One hand moved behind the back of his head and held him closer, George’s lips desperately chasing after Dream’s. He should’ve stopped, he *knew* he should’ve stopped, but Dream kissed him back, opening his mouth and cautiously deepening the kiss. It was all the invitation George needed, closing his eyes and letting himself just enjoy the moment until they both needed to breathe - pulling away as they gasped. Dream pulled his mask off completely, his eyes panicked and wide as he looked at George. George’s heart stopped beating as he looked at Dream, the joy of *finally* kissing him suddenly being swamped by something else entirely.

Shit. He’d just kissed Dream.

Chapter End Notes

:)

i have a twitter, come say hi! <https://twitter.com/AmelieSong2>

also, i've finally finished writing this fic - a few more chapters to post but it's all written! i'm thinking of writing a dream team serial killer au next (set in victorian england of course) - let me know what you think about this!

edit: i've added a poll on my twitter about the next fic - there's no guarantee that the winning option would be the path i go down but i genuinely cannot decide between them, so please let me know what you'd rather see!

<https://twitter.com/AmelieSong2/status/1275073113214996481?s=20>

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shit. *Shit. Shit, shit.* George opened and closed his mouth a few times to try and explain himself, to try and say *something* to wipe the look of panic off Dream's face, but he couldn't think of any words that could make this better. Instead he scrambled to his feet, taking shaky breaths as he tried to move past Dream. The younger man grabbed his hand to stop him from leaving. George's hand was quite obviously shaking, and Dream forced himself to find his own voice.

"I'm sorry." He said. "This is a bad reaction, this isn't what I'm trying... Please sit down." He asked, his brain moving a hundred miles an hour as he tried to find the right thing to say. George did as he was asked, perching on the edge of his bed and looking down at his hands as he clasped them together on his lap, thumbs fidgeting with each other to try and keep him calm. Dream had been so taken aback by the kiss that he'd kissed back without thinking of the consequences, and the moment they'd broken apart he realised what he'd done. He was here to help George, *this* wasn't helping.

"I'm sorry." George said. "We don't have to talk about it, we can just forget it ever happened, I'm so sorry. Please don't let this fuck up our friendship."

"Fuck it up?" Dream asked. "I'm fine with fucking up our friendship if we can do that again." He said, letting himself smile. It took a moment for George to realise what he was implying and he furrowed his brows, looking up to Dream in confusion.

"What do you mean?" He asked. "You reacted... Badly. You looked *scared*."

"I know, that was my fault." Dream said, shifting a little where he sat. "I... You're not yourself right now, it doesn't take an idiot to see that. You've been hurt, you're vulnerable, I don't want to take advantage of you."

"You're not taking advantage of me, Dream. This isn't some emotion that's come out of nowhere, I'm not kissing you because you're taking care of me, I'm kissing you because I lo--"

"Even if you don't think I'm taking advantage," Dream began, cutting George off. "I'd feel wrong doing this now. I saw you last night, I know where your mind is at right now and I'm not saying there's anything *wrong* with that, of course you're scared and upset and that makes sense but..." He trailed off. "God, I don't know what I'm supposed to say." He admitted, looking at George and

taking in a breath. “I want to help you, more than anything, but I don’t know how to properly help you. And I’ll do everything I can to help you feel better, and when you *do* feel better I want to do that again, but I want you to be sure you’re happy before. I don’t want to pressure you into this - not now, not ever.”

George listened carefully, nodding at Dream as he spoke. He understood where Dream was coming from, and it made him fall all the more for him. He just wanted him to be safe and happy, and George couldn’t fault him for that.

“Okay.” He said. “I can… I don’t know. What would make me feel better?” He asked out loud, though the question was somewhat rhetorical. Dream stayed quiet, giving him some time to think about his answer. After he didn’t seem to reply, Dream chipped in.

“You could try talking to a therapist.” He suggested. “It probably wouldn’t be for long. You’re feeling crap because of one bad thing that happened to you, that’s probably a lot easier for them than dealing with other mental illnesses. I bet a few conversations with someone that actually knows what they’re talking about would help.”

“Have you ever actually tried to see a therapist?” George asked, laughing a little. “Unless you’re forking out hundreds of pounds, you’re on a waiting list for months at a time. I’d probably feel better on my own if I just wait it out.”

“I’ll pay.” Dream said without hesitation, and George shook his head.

“Dream, I can’t ask you to do that. Private therapists are a fortune, and you’re right it’s just one bad thing, I’ll process it eventually and be okay one day.”

“But I don’t want you to have to feel like this for any longer than you have to.” Dream told him. “If talking to a therapist will make it all go away quicker, I want to pay for it. You’re not asking me to do it, this is my choice. Please.”

“Are you sure?” George asked hesitantly, and Dream nodded eagerly.

“More than anything.” He replied, and George’s shoulders fell as he let out a breath.

“Okay, okay. I can have a look online later, see if I can find someone to talk to.”

He was cut off mid-sentence by Dream pressing a quick kiss to his lips, too quick for him to kiss back, and Dream was smiling to himself as he pulled away.

“You have to kiss me back when you’re feeling better, deal?”

“You’re disgustingly romantic, Dream.” George told him bluntly. “If I promise *not* to kiss back now, could you do that one more time?”

“Fine.” Dream said, as if the idea of kissing George again was so laborious. Still, if this was going to be the last one for a while, he decided to make it count. He brought his hands to George’s cheeks, cupping them gently and running his thumbs against his skin before leaning in to press a long, slow kiss to his lips. He closed his eyes, enjoying the moment, and he could *feel* George restraining himself from kissing back. A promise was a promise, and when the two of them parted they found themselves grinning at each other - smiles wide from ear to ear.

Waiting to do that again was going to feel like a lifetime, but at least they both knew how the other felt now. Dream forced himself to move his hands from George’s cheeks, letting them drift to his and lace their fingers together, and George moved closer to him. Whatever happened, they had each other, and everything was going to be okay.

Chapter End Notes

This is a slightly shorter chapter than usual, but I felt like it was written nicely and didn't want to take away from the softness by adding more to it! Hope you enjoyed!

ALSO: DID Y'ALL SEE THAT MANHUNT BECAUSE MY GOODNESS!!!!

I have a Twitter too, come say hi! <https://twitter.com/AmelieSong2>

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hey Sapnap!”

Dream’s voice was cheery, him and George sitting side by side on George’s bed and Sapnap grinning on the screen in front of them.

“How’s the happy couple?” He teased, and Dream looked down at George with a smile on his face. George retaliated immediately, smacking his arm with his hand, and Sapnap paused for a moment. “Wait, I was joking...” He trailed off. “Dream! We talked about this!”

“Hang on, it’s not what you think!” Dream said, and George gasped in mock surprise.

“You talked about this? What did you talk about Sapnap?”

“Just that he shouldn’t make a move on you, not right out of the gate anyway!” He said, Dream glaring playfully at the camera.

“Good thing he didn’t make a move then. And we’re *not* a couple.” George pointed out. Sapnap looked like he could ask at least a few more questions, but decided instead to shrug it off. If his friends were happy, they were happy, he didn’t need to ask any more questions.

“I saw the stream earlier, Dream I can’t believe you almost beat your own record. That’s *insane*, are you gonna try for another run? You’ve got two and a half weeks in England, if it rains as often as it’s meant to surely you can break the record a couple of times over.”

Dream laughed, an arm wrapping around George and pulling his friend into his side. It felt strange being able to chat with George and Sapnap and have George by his side - he decided that next time they all needed to be together. Maybe once he’d gone back to Florida he’d convince his friends to come visit him for a few weeks - or maybe he and George could visit Sapnap so it didn’t get in the way of his education. They talked for a good few hours into the evening, about everything and anything they could think of. As the evening went on, George found himself leaning against Dream’s chest and Dream rubbed circles on his shoulder. While they’d managed to set themselves some boundaries, knowing how they felt for each other had given them more confidence with showing and giving more affection than they otherwise would, and neither of them seemed ready

to give that up entirely.

The conversation continued until George had fallen asleep on Dream's chest, and Dream moved his hand to run through his hair slowly.

"How's he been? Any better than yesterday?"

"Definitely. I think talking to me helped, I *hope* talking to me helped. I think it got it off his chest a bit." He said. "It's bad, what happened to him, but I think he's on the mend now. I don't want to tell you too much in case he doesn't want people knowing about what happened but he's on the right track."

"Good, that's the important part. How're *you* feeling?"

Dream paused for a moment, taking in a breath and sighing, watching George's head fall with his chest before he spoke.

"Better. Being here and being able to actually help him helps a lot. I think if he told me what'd happened when I was in Florida I'd have lost it. I needed to know he was safe, I still do, but he's letting me help and that's helping me a lot, too. He knows how I feel and I think not having to pretend makes this easier too. If I was trying to help him through all this without letting him know I loved him I'd really be struggling. I've not actually *said* I love him but... It's fairly obvious."

"I'm glad to hear you're doing alright too. I wish I could be there with both of you."

"I wish you could be too." Dream said, in a rare moment of sincerity between the group. "It feels right to be here with George, but there's something weird about not having you here too."

"It's fine, plenty more time for us to all be together." He smiled. "I should probably let you guys go anyway, looks like bedtime and I could do with some studying tonight."

Dream looked down to George, still sleeping blissfully against him, and nodded. "Go for it dude, you can message me if you need anything. Have a good night."

Sapnap said his goodbye's and ended the call, and Dream closed the laptop carefully and placed it on the floor beside him, smiling down at George. The older man was soundly asleep and that didn't appear to be changing anytime soon, so Dream slipped out of his hold and changed into his pajamas, before crawling back into bed and wrapping his arms around him once more. It was so easy to fall asleep with George this close to him, and he wondered how he'd ever be able to sleep without him again.

It was two days until George had managed to get an appointment with a therapist. Dream had insisted on paying (and had offered to pay the man more if he could squeeze George into his schedule any sooner, but he hadn't told George that), and on the morning of his appointment he'd woken up early to make breakfast. George had been nervous the night before, so he'd deliberately made something light for the older man, taking a plate of omelettes and a glass of apple juice through to his bedroom. George had looked at him with raised eyebrows, teasing him lightly about being a simp, before slowly eating his breakfast. The two of them sat together for a while, before George took a shower and got ready.

Dream, not one to do things by halves, found a post-it note and scribbled down a supportive message for George, leaving it on his monitor before closing the door to his bedroom and giving him some space. He'd offered to go with George to his session if he wanted, but he'd insisted on doing it alone. Dream had organised an Uber to take him to the therapist's office, and planned to order them takeout for dinner.

“You’re such an idiot.” George said, his voice a little shaky as he stepped out of his bedroom with the note on his finger. “I never thought you’d be such a romantic, Dream.”

“What, giving you roses and begging you to tell me you loved me wasn’t enough?”

“Shut up.” He chided, and Dream gave him a soft smile.

“How’re you feeling?”

“Scared.” He admitted. “I’ve only come out to you and Sapnap, if I’m gonna talk about all this properly I’ll need to come out to someone else, someone I don’t know.”

“It’ll be fine, I promise. But being scared is okay.” Dream told him. “You’ve just gotta be brave. Pretend that the therapist is me in manhunt--”

“You want me to scream in his face?” George laughed.

“No, I mean, you know you can do this, even if it’s difficult and you need to try a new strategy, you can do it.” He said, taking a step forward and pressing a kiss to George’s forehead. His phone buzzed, pulling them out of the moment, and Dream looked at the screen. “Uber’s here. Want me to walk you down?”

“I’ll be alright.” George told him. “Thank you, Dream. For everything. I don’t deserve you.”

“Now it’s your turn to shut up.” Dream teased. “I’ll be here when you get back. Call me if you need me.”

George’s session was due to last 90 minutes, and he was back home a little over two hours later. He’d been quiet at first, and Dream had given him all the space he’d needed, but George had soon returned to his spot at Dream’s side with *Star Wars: The Last Jedi* and Chinese takeout to pass the evening. Dream didn’t ask about the session, letting George have some time to process what he’d talked about and giving him a space to just be himself. And if there was a little bit more light in his eyes as he discussed the complexity of Ben offering his hand to Rey, then Dream just enjoyed it. Seeing his friend getting closer to his old self warmed his heart more than anything else ever could. Except, maybe, cuddling into his side and feeling George pressing a light kiss into his hair. Maybe that could warm his heart just a little bit more.

Chapter End Notes

hi i'm a dirty dirty reylo, we stan george & dream watching the best star wars movie to date <3

also, i have twitter! come say hi :) <https://twitter.com/AmelieSong2>

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I’ve got us tickets to go sightseeing today.” George said. He’d woken up before Dream that morning and, though their sleeping arrangement hadn’t changed, had managed to get out of bed without waking the younger man. “The London Eye, then I think we should go to the Dungeon’s and to Madame Tussauds. The tickets last until the end of the year so we can go tomorrow if it gets too late.”

“Do you want breakfast before we go?”

“No, we’re going to Spoons.”

“We’re going to... George, are you having a stroke?”

“Why don’t you believe any of the places here are actually places?”

“Because they’re not! Who calls a place Spoons!?”

“It’s Wetherspoons! It’s a pub, but they do breakfast. It’s part of the British experience!”

“You guys go to pubs for breakfast? That explains *so much*.”

“I’m going to find a way to get you deported before you go home on your own.” George told him, his voice as serious as he could make it.

“No you aren’t.” Dream said, slipping his shoes on and tossing George a jacket. “Come on, let’s go to Shovels.”

“Spoons, Dream!” George laughed, shaking his head as the two of them left his apartment.

They caught the underground into the centre of the city, alighting at Westminster and giving Dream a chance to see Big Ben, before George took his hand and led him along the road to the closest Wetherspoons. He didn't let go of Dream's hand as they walked together and it was helping two-fold. George's anxiety about being outside hadn't been subdued overnight, and knowing that Dream was near him gave him just a little bit more confidence in being out of his apartment. Holding Dream's hand also fell in line with a challenge his therapist had set him - to do little things to see that being gay *wasn't* bad, to remind himself that he'd been hurt because those people had been cruel - not because there was anything wrong with him. He squeezed Dream's hand a little tighter and the taller man looked down at him happily, squeezing back. Dream was glad to see that George was looking better, that he seemed confident and was much more talkative than he had been over the last few days. He could see there was still lingering anxiety in him, but he was glad that he'd managed to start talking to someone.

Their breakfast was uneventful. George ordered them both the large breakfast plates which were much bigger than he remembered, and neither of them had been able to finish everything. They'd sat and drank coffee quietly for a short while before starting their day sightseeing. They decided to save Madame Tussaud's for another day, and after seeing the ridiculous length of the queue for the London Eye they started with the London Dungeon.

From the start, George had Dream's hand in a vice like grip, and that didn't change as they went through the Dungeon. While Dream had found the experience funny at first, the boat ride was enough to change his tune - and the threat of having his head chopped off by a King had him holding George's hand just as tightly. Things calmed down a little after that, and the two of them had quietly giggled as they muttered the lyrics to *Revenge* while learning about Guy Fawke's plot to blow up Parliament. George was quick to volunteer Dream for the torture chamber, though Dream was a brilliant actor and quickly made George regret sending him up as he pretended to be in genuine pain. By the time they'd reached Whitechapel Labyrinth they were having fun again - or at least Dream was. He was taunting George from a few paces behind as they wandered through the dark alley's, saying his name in a sing-song voice like he did in their Manhunt videos. George got him back when he crept up behind him and grabbed him, causing the younger man to yelp in fear - turning round and almost falling over as George laughed.

The tour lasted most of the afternoon, the warmth of summer hitting them as they emerged, and the bright lights and bustling streets leaving them momentarily confused. As they reoriented themselves they wandered along the Queen's Walk and sat in Jubilee Garden's together. They had bought some 99's from an ice cream van and sat eating them slowly, enjoying the peace and quiet together for a few minutes before the sound of a little girl crying pulled them from their thoughts. There were plenty of people in the street minding their own business and ignoring the child, so George stood up from where they were sitting and went to talk to her.

Dream sat on the grass, watching as George crouched down in front of the girl and talked to her gently. He could see the child rubbing her eyes as she started to calm down, talking to George who stood up on his tiptoes and looked around for a few moments, before waving to a woman he could see in the distance. He crouched back down to the little girl, lifting her up in his arms and holding her up above the crowd so she could see the woman too. Dream heard the girl calling to her mother

and saw the woman running over to George, seeing her take the girl into her arms and thank George over and over. He couldn't hear exactly what was being said, but seeing George acting so gently had made his stomach twist inside him. Of course he knew George was kind, it was one of his favourite things about him, but seeing that kindness in person was something special. George came back over to sit beside him, giving the little girl a wave, and Dream couldn't let the opportunity pass by.

"You're such a daddy."

"Shut up."

The queue for the London Eye was still long, so George took Dream to Greggs - another British staple that he *insisted* the man had to try. After buying sausage rolls and steak bakes, the men joined the end of the queue and began to wait. They ate quietly at first before falling back into casual conversation, their hands linked once more. They talked about their plans for the remaining time Dream had in England, planning another stream together, and what Dream was going to show George when he came to Florida. They'd always talked about visiting each other, but now they had much more of a reason to do so. As time passed the intense heat of the sun faded and the light began to fade. Very few people had joined the queue behind them, so when they finally managed to step inside their pod there was almost no one else with them.

George and Dream made their way to the otherside, hand in hand as the wheel started to move slowly and they began to rise higher into the sky. The view was absolutely beautiful, the sky was clear and the colours were starting to change - while George couldn't completely enjoy the sunset the same way that Dream could, he *could* enjoy the fact that they were there together, and that Dream was clearly enjoying himself. He let go of Dream's hand to wrap his arm around his waist, leaning his head on Dream's shoulder and letting out a gentle sigh.

"Thank you for coming to see me." He said quietly, Dream snaking an arm around George and squeezing his side a little.

"Thank you for ruining our friendship." Dream replied, closing his eyes as he rested his head on top of George's. They stood like that for several minutes, silently enjoying the ride and each other's company, George watching boats sailing up and down the Thames and watching as the bustling city began to switch off for the night. As they reached the top of the wheel he shifted a little, moving his head to look up to Dream. He had so much more to thank Dream for, but he didn't know if the man would let him or not, so he stayed quiet. He just admired him, smiling to himself until Dream spoke up.

"What're you looking at?"

“I just think you’re beautiful.”

“Shut up...” He said quietly, a shy smile on his face, and George laughed as his cheeks turned a dark pink.

“You’re even more beautiful when you blush.”

“Seriously, how can I get you to shut up?” Dream asked, though he didn’t look cross at all.

“You know *exactly* how.”

“Fine, but you have to remember the rules.” Dream told him, leaning down and pressing a brief kiss to George’s lips. George pouted, pulling a face after the affection was so short lived. Rolling his eyes, Dream kissed him again, letting his lips linger much longer this time. When he pulled away he didn’t move far, a hand moving to hold George’s cheek as he pressed soft kisses against the other. George felt his own cheeks turning red at the affection, but he didn’t ask Dream to stop. He found that he enjoyed this kind of attention from Dream, and he moved his arms to wrap the younger man in an embrace.

“No rule about this, right?” He muttered into his shoulder, and Dream returned the hug immediately.

“No rules at all.”

Chapter End Notes

We're almost at the end! One more proper chapter, then chapter 14 is a bit of an epilogue. I hope you've all been enjoying so far and the ending is as good as you're hoping for - I love it so I hope you all do too!

Also, while planning out some future fanfics I've had another Dream Team idea and can't decide between a Serial Killer AU and a Manhunt AU, so I've put a poll on my Twitter! Feel free to head over, vote, and say hello :)

<https://twitter.com/AmelieSong2/status/1276091967701766144>

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The rest of Dream's time in England passed far too quickly for either his or George's liking. It felt like they'd blinked and suddenly it was time for Dream to return to Florida. Of course, he'd known he'd be going back eventually, and the fact that George was doing much better made it easier to part ways, but knowing that he wouldn't be able to hold his friend while they slept, that they couldn't hold hands or hug anymore... He knew George would come to Florida as soon as he could, but it broke his heart that he'd have to wait to have all these wonderful things with George again.

“We'll stream together as soon as possible.” George said, sitting beside him in the Uber to the airport. “And we'll call every night, video call. I don't ever want to go a day without seeing your face again.”

Dream laughed, trying to keep up the facade of someone that *wasn't* utterly heartbroken. “You're disgusting.” He smiled.

“But you love me for it.”

Dream paused. He'd always teased George about loving him, but now that it was *true*, and now that George knew how he felt about the man, it would feel very different saying those words.

“What're you going to do when I'm gone?”

“I don't know.” George tucked himself into Dream's chest, letting the younger man wrap an arm around him. “Probably stream, try and fill my time before I can talk to you again.” He said honestly. “I'll miss you a lot, you know that right?”

“I know.” He said, pressing a kiss to the top of his head. “I'll miss you too.” There was no tease in Dream's voice this time, just sincerity. “You need to keep me updated with how you're doing. I promise, if you start feeling bad again I'll be on the first flight back out here.”

George smiled up at him. He knew that Dream was being serious, and he almost wanted to lie just so Dream would stay a little bit longer, but he knew this had to happen. At least the next time they saw each other he'd be better, and Dream *wouldn't* feel like he was taking advantage of him - at

least then they could have something more than just friendship, although it would be fairly easy to argue that over the last few weeks what they'd shared was already an awful lot more than friendship, and they just hadn't put a label on it.

The rest of the Uber ride was quiet, the two of them enjoying each other's warmth for the last time before they arrived at the airport. They thanked the driver and George took Dream's bags out of the boot, wandering with Dream through the airport slowly.

“What time is your flight?”

“In about an hour.” Dream let his shoulders fall. “I should probably go through security soon.”

George nodded, swallowing as he placed Dream's bags on the floor and wrapped his arms around him tightly. “I'm gonna miss you.” He said, words muffled into Dream's shoulder as they held each other again.

“Are you crying, George?” Dream asked, feeling himself tear up as he squeezed tightly.

“Just a little bit, is that okay?”

“Yeah.” He said softly. “I am too.”

They stood like that for several minutes before pulling away, each smiling at the other and wiping away their tears with a laugh.

“This is stupid, we'll see each other again in a few hours.” George said.

“But it's not the same as actually having you next to me.” Dream said, letting his shoulders fall. He took a step back, pulling his hoodie over his head and taking it off, before pulling the garment over George. He'd been confused for a moment, but obliged Dream's silent instruction and slid his arms through the armholes.

“Pretty sure it's tradition to steal your partner's clothes.” Dream said, and George's head popped out with a smile painted on.

“I’m your partner now?” He asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Unofficially. Next time we see each other, if you want...”

“Yes.” George smiled. “I’d like that very much.”

He pulled the sleeves of the hoodie over his hands and Dream placed one final kiss on his forehead, before bending down to grab his bags. They had to say goodbye at some point, and the sooner they did it the sooner Dream would be on his way home - the sooner it would be time for George to come to Florida.

“Let’s not say goodbye.” Dream told him. “See you later?”

“I think I can work with that.” George agreed. “See you later, Dream.”

Dream managed to force himself to work towards security, looking back over his shoulder to George whenever he had the chance to. By the time he reached the other side and was retrieving his belongings he could see that George had turned his back and begun to walk away, the gentle movement of his shoulders making it obvious that he was crying.

If Dream walked to his gate crying quietly to himself, then no one else needed to know that.

And if George listened to *Eternal Flame* on repeat on the way home, well then no one else needed to know that either.

Dream was glad when he was on his flight. While it wasn’t great quality, he’d managed to watch part of George’s stream while midway across the Atlantic. He could see George’s face and that helped a lot with the separation, and he could see that George was glad to have a distraction. He was talking with the chat about Dream heading home, and that they planned on streaming together soon. The donations were full of questions about their time together - what they’d done, what they’d seen, whether Dream had even taken his mask off and let George see his face. And then, of course, the usual questions began to appear.

“George, can you tell Dream you love him?” He read out loud, and Dream laughed to himself

quietly, leaning his head against the window of the plane. “No, I can’t, he’s gone. He’s literally flying right now, so he can’t even join Teamspeak. Sorry, I can’t tell him.”

More donations came in asking George to at least tell the stream that he loved Dream, and George rolled his eyes - he was used to this - but beside that his reaction was different than usual.

“I do love Dream, he knows I do. You all know I do, even if I don’t say *I love you Dream*, I like to think I make it obvious.”

The chat went utterly crazy after he said that, and Dream found himself closing the stream and enjoying how those words made him feel. He settled back in his seat, playing George saying *I love you Dream* over and over again for the remainder of the flight, but not before sending George a quick message on Discord.

Dream: I love you too.

Chapter End Notes

THEY SAID THE THING

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Two months passed by quickly. George finished the therapy sessions Dream had arranged for him, and it had helped him hugely. He hadn't just been able to overcome the trauma of his assault - getting to a point where he was comfortable in who he was and felt as though he could tell those nearest to him - but he'd also been able to figure out strategies to deal with comments sent to him online. He never received anything horrific, but enough little things had been adding up before and without a way to really separate them from his own worries it had been enough to add to his hurt - just enough to keep him from being able to cope with things on his own. He felt much happier with his life now - happier than he had been before he'd been attacked - and he couldn't thank Dream enough for it.

“Are you up for a stream tomorrow?” Dream asked, George being pulled away from his second monitor.

“Sure.” Sapnap replied. “What’re we thinking, survival stream?”

“Yeah, nothing too big. But I haven’t streamed in about a week and I reckon I probably should. You up for it George?”

“I can’t tomorrow, I’m going to be away for a few days. I’ll still be around to chat, though. I could join Teamspeak?”

“That’s a plan. We can get Bad in on this too, I miss making videos with him.”

“We still need to make that next Manhunt, when did Skeppy say he was free to film that?”

“I can’t remember, we’ll have to wait until George is back in town. How about we try the weekend?”

“That could work...” George said, yawning and stretching. “I should go, I’m exhausted and I have to get up early tomorrow.”

“Fine, abandon me, break my heart.” Dream teased, and George rolled his eyes.

“You’re such an idiot.” He smiled, waving to his camera. “Chat tomorrow, guys.”

As he left the call he turned around, looking around his room to grab the last few things he needed to pack, throwing them into his suitcase and setting his alarm for a few hours time.

The morning came quickly, but the journey to the airport couldn’t feel any slower. Two months without seeing Dream had been too long, but knowing that his arrival was going to be a surprise at least gave him a little joy. He couldn’t wait to see the look on Dream’s face when he arrived at his front door.

The flight felt like it took longer than 7 hours. He tried to sleep a little during it, but it was difficult when his mind wouldn’t stop thinking about Dream. Two months since he’d last seen him in person, since they’d last held hands and embraced each other. He was giddy at the thought of seeing him, and glad that there was no one sat next to him (as to be expected, for such an early morning flight).

The Florida heat hit him like a brick when he stepped off the plane, but he refused to take Dream’s hoodie off. Another hour and he’d be with Dream, but until then this was the closest he could get to him. He looked at his watch, set to the local time, and saw that it was just gone 9am. Would Dream be awake? Was this a good idea? Should he have told *someone* that he was coming, just to make sure that this would all go according to plan?

He didn’t have time to reconsider, he grabbed his bag from the carousel and booked an Uber to take him straight to Dream’s house. This part of the journey seemed to take even longer than the entire flight, his legs bouncing as he tried to think of the right thing to say. They’d spoken every day for the last two months but seeing him in person, surely he needed something a little more meaningful?

Dream’s home was a little out of the city, it looked quaint, it didn’t look how he’d pictured his house. He thanked the driver, grabbing his bag and slowly making his way up to the front door. He almost felt nervous now, even though this was Dream and he knew that everything would be alright. Standing at his door he placed his bags down, taking a breath and knocking gently. He waited for a few minutes, before ringing the doorbell and knocking again to see if that would hurry things up. What if Dream was asleep? At least the weather was nice, he didn’t mind sitting out here until Dream woke up - so long as there wasn’t a hurricane on the way, it would be fine.

It was another few minutes before he heard movement behind the door, the sound of a lock

clicking, and George jumped excitedly. As the door opened, Dream glanced down to look for a package, and he saw a pair of legs. He looked up, and the legs belonged to a body.

“--George?” He said quietly, disbelieving that he was really in front of him. Dream’s shock was enough to make George laugh and he took a step forward, his hands moving to grab Dream’s cheeks as he stood on the tips of his toes and pressed a long, deep kiss to his lips. Once Dream had gotten over his initial shock he returned the gesture, his hands moving to George’s waist and pulling the man close to him, opening his mouth and deepening the kiss. They stood like that for several minutes, embracing each other and kissing desperately, as if they’d been apart for decades rather than months. When they inevitably, reluctantly, parted, Dream smiled down at George breathlessly.

“Hey.” He said quietly.

“Morning.” George smiled up at him. “I’m not vulnerable anymore.” He said. “You don’t have to feel guilty.”

“Good.” Dream said, letting a smirk tease its way onto his face. “I didn’t want to feel guilty the first time I called you my boyfriend.”

“Do you feel guilty?”

“No.” Dream smiled, leaning down to whisper in George’s ear. “So I think I’ll call you my boyfriend now.”

Chapter End Notes

And that's it, the end of my first DNF story! I can't believe the response this has gotten, I've been overwhelmed by the number of hits, comments and kudos and I can't thank everyone that's read this enough. Seriously it's made my day every day for the last two weeks to see the support you've given and the time you've taken out of your days to read my story. I'm so honoured and I really, really hope the ending of this fic is satisfying! Who'd have thought when this started as a one-shot drabble I wrote at 3am one morning it would end so sweetly? Definitely not me!

Thank you again for reading, and if you want to read more I've posted the first chapter of my next Dream Team fic, called "Not a Dream, but a Nightmare" - is a Victorian era Serial Killer AU, and will be updating on Mondays and Fridays.

If you want to say hi, I have a Twitter (and a discord, feel free to ask for that!)

End Notes

Hi all, to start off with: if any of those featured in the fic state that they don't want fanfiction of them written, I'll take this down ASAP (I don't have twitter so don't jump on me if it takes a few hours for the news to reach me!).

Secondly, this fic is written quite selfishly. I struggled with self harm often as a teenager and one of the nicest things to find was a fic where characters/people I loved struggled with the same issues, and I could live through them and pretend I had awesome friends to help get me through these things. This fanfic isn't meant to glorify self harm, but acknowledge that it's a very real issue a lot of people face during their lives, and (if people are interested in a longer fic, rather than a one-off vent fic) will focus more on the wholesome, recovery side of things: talking about emotions, finding alternative ways to feel things, and getting to a good place in life. I'm always here to chat if you need anything!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!